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JEFFERSON'S DAY.

One hundred and sixty-two years ago to-day Thomas Jefferson was born. He was twice elected President of the United States and enjoyed many other high honors, but chose to be remembered—as shown in the epitaph written by himself—as "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom and Father of the University of Virginia."

This indicated a very high and noble ambition. In the speeches to-night in his honor Jefferson will be celebrated chiefly as a wise statesman and the founder of the Democratic party. A statesman has been described as "a philosopher in action." Jefferson was the best illustration of this rare combination that our country has ever seen.

But he was more than this. He was the apostle of personal liberty, of political equality and of freedom of thought, speech and the press. Writing to Dr. Priestly in 1802 to correct the false eulogium that it was he "more than any other individual that planned and established the Constitution" Jefferson said:

I was in Europe when the Constitution was planned and never saw it till after it was established. On receiving it I wrote strongly to Mr. Madison urging the want of provision for the freedom of religion, freedom of the press, trial by jury, habeas corpus, the substitution of militia for a standing army and an express reservation to the State of all rights not specifically granted to the Union. He accordingly moved in the first session of the Constitution for these amendments, which were agreed to and ratified by the States as they now stand. This is all the hand I had in what related to the Constitution.

But what a vital and comprehensive "all!" Think what the Constitution and the Government would have been without these Jeffersonian guarantees!

Just now, when criticism of public servants is resented and sometimes punished, it is well to remember that Jefferson said: "No government ought to be without censors; and when the press is free none ever will."

The World is and ever shall be FREE!

The "rigid investigation" of the Equitable promised by a committee of the directors is near the limit of "nerve." It is very like an investigation of the Gas Trust by Murphy, Gaffney and three directors of the Consolidated Gas Company.

TO SAVE THE PARK TREES.

A committee of public-spirited women of the west side has undertaken a fine work of civic patriotism—the saving of trees in the parks.

That there is need for this effort is shown by the fact that no less than twenty of the large and beautiful elms on the Mall in Central Park have died within the last two years. Others are dying simply through lack of proper nourishment. In all sections of the park there are trees "sick" from the same cause. The thin soil in which they were planted has become exhausted and needs renewal and enrichment.

The Park Commissioner now has, it is said in official quarters, enough money at his disposal to inaugurate this too-long-delayed improvement. It should be undertaken at once. Fifty years are required to grow a fine shade tree. It is better economy to save them than slowly to replace them; and meanwhile we shall have the shade and the beauty.

Any Assemblyman who votes for the Niagara grab bill to-day ought to be sent over the Falls with no other life-preserver than a hog's bladder.

INALIENABLE CIRCUS RIGHTS.

Whatever may be the varying opinions as to providing poor children with free breakfasts, there is unanimous support to the proposition that all orphans should be taken at least once a year to the circus. To go to the circus is the most inalienable right of childhood. A child may go hungry and barefoot and be poorly clad and still grow up to be a great man, a President or a high financier. But no boy ever properly developed whose childhood had been circusless.

Barnum & Bailey invited to their circus 7,000 orphans from all asylums that could be reached. All the orphans went, and it did them all kinds of good. Every circus should follow this example. The Hippodrome, too, should establish a regular orphans' day. All orphans under twelve should be allowed free admission. The older orphans should have to pay, and the orphans over fifty years old should be charged an additional sum to furnish the free orphans with peanuts, pink lemonade and popcorn balls.

Every child is entitled to a visit from Santa Claus at Christmas time, to an afternoon at the circus in the spring and to some kind of a celebration on the Fourth of July. Boards of Aldermen may be abolished, even the old horse cars may some day vanish, but the rights of childhood should be safeguarded and perpetuated.

"On with the dance!" says Andrew Carnegie. "I will pay the fiddler"—that is to say, the bagpiper.

Rome had its Coliseum and New York has its Hippodrome. Customs and tastes change, but the human being in all lands and times has dearly loved a show.

The People's Corner.

Letters from Evening World Readers

Another Anti-Tipper.

To the Editor of The World:
It is no longer possible to tip moderately and obtain service, and if you are not sized up as a lavish tipper you are an object of patronizing derision by the waiters. By the time you have tipped the head waiter, your own waiter, the coat boy and the other parasites around a restaurant, what can a man in ordinary circumstances hope for his meal?

JOHN N. HARCOURT.
Only Redress Is Through the Courts.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How can I collect money due me for work from former employer so as to save the trouble of going to court?

S. V.

Advice to Mothers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
When reading about the girl who shot fire to the House of Refuge I could not help thinking if the mother had only tried a little harder she could have done something with the girl herself. If a girl does not like school she will never learn anything no matter how long she goes there. What makes a good many girls like the House of Refuge?

good. If her mother had been a little more thoughtful and brought her home when her time expired she would have saved her all the trouble and disgrace which she has now to face.

Mrs. J. C. ROE, Brooklyn.

Nuisances at the Play.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
When will people learn common decency in respecting the rights of others at the theatre? I attended a leading playhouse the other night and was annoyed throughout the performance by the continual talking of a "fine party" who sat in front of me. There should be some law to prevent such things.

HORACE M. PALMER.

Smoking in Theatre.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
There are men in New York who are absolutely without any idea of decency, in spite of the fine clothes they wear. Although it is allowable for men to smoke in music halls, I do not see why a gentleman should sit by a lady and puff cigar smoke in her face all evening any more than he should if he were walking by her side on the street.

MARTIN E. BARNES.

Said on the Side.

ACTION of the National Academy of Design in agreeing to let the fence around its property for bill-posting on condition that the bills shall be artistic should be of special interest to Commissioner Pallas and the Subway advertising contractors. Main-tained by these authorities, it will be remembered that a well-constructed advertising poster contributes to the improvement of popular taste in art, and it may be that the Academy indorses this view in allowing the use of its fence for a commercial art exhibit.

Complaint against the "Star-Spangled Banner" as sung in encaustic form in the schools is that it is badly off key.

Bronx adds a deer hunt to its other attractions. Residence in the borough now comprises all the comforts of home, and with the possible discovery of hidden treasure in the cellar and a feature or two of wild West life.

Cannot be expected that President Roosevelt will approve the decision of the War Department Civil Service Board that a department employee marrying an employee of superior rank must resign. Clearly a blow at matrimony and an invasion of the well-established right of a woman clerk to look upon her employer as a husband in posse.

Arrangement of Rev. Mr. Beattie before the Ralston law legislature showing that 75 per cent. of the girls who owe their ruin to "take" hotels are country girls may change the rural point of view with regard to these moral death-traps.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is an optimist?

Mr. Callipers—An optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.

"Nice little library for Police Headquarters," which Commissioner McAdoo drops a hint for so that Mr. Carnegie can hear, should include duplicate copies of "Old Sleuth," "Sherlock Holmes," Anna Katherine Green and Gaboriau.

It was something to be among the first audience that heard "Maggie Murphy's Home" and "The Mulligan Guards." Death of "Dave" Braham suggests that the fathers of the present generation of theatre-goers have memories which never come opera ditties and coon songs can never efface.

Just how the line of delimitation between "women's work" and "men's work" should be drawn, or why such a line should be drawn at all, I confess that I am unable to understand," says Miss Abbott. Women now reaching up toward masculine standards in every line of activity. There is Erasmus High School, for instance, with its "girls' baseball team."

Women's participation in the rougher masculine sports must naturally become more general as her physique improves under the athletic training which has become a regular feature of her education. She has taken to basketball with a vigor that makes an eight-armed race between rival women's colleges a possibility not necessarily remote. Many women's cricket clubs in England, and so much hockey that an alarming writing in a London Daily says "the hockey girl" is growing so "muscular, masculine and awkward of gait" that when the athletic had over "it will take three years of devotion to the minutest to remedy the mischief already done and bring back to English social and domestic life the graceful girlhood of the past."

Teacher—Fighting again, Willie? Didn't I tell you to stop and count 100 whenever you were angry? Willie—But it didn't do any good. Look what the Jones boy did while I counted!

To a President experienced in twirling a "big stick" the killing of a rattlesnake with a sliding whip was as child's play.

May remove that shamefaced look with which a visit is made to "uncle's" to know that Mrs. Stanford pawned her jewels to help out Stanford University.

Characteristic instance of up-to-date legislation in Senator Grady's bill authorizing a "proxy penman" for the Mayor from the numerous task of signing 30,000 certificates of city stock. Proposed law would be welcomed by many bankers and officials and avert cases of incipient writers' cramp if it could be made of wider application. Reported a few days ago that members of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. will be obliged personally to sign 80,000 certificates for the Japanese bond allotment.

Delicate legal question apparently involved in the action of a Fifth Avenue resident in having police called to keep organ-grinders away from before an adjoining house. A just discrimination between the rights of a lover of this form of melody and the wrongs of his neighbor whose ears are irritated by the sound waves which escape across the airway, presents considerable complexity.

Mrs. Gabbles—I have resolved never to say another word against our neighbors.
Gabbles—I suppose that means there is absolutely nothing more to be said.—Chicago News.

Plan proposed by a Phillips Exeter alumni at the banquet here for "fifty tennis courts, nine baseball diamonds and three football fields" for their old academy reads like a Bronx Park Commissioner's playground prospectus. It makes a convincing showing of the importance attained by athletics in educational curriculums within a generation.

Actor who is to become a college professor may find the faces of his classroom audience strangely familiar.

Medical prescription takes the most palatable form in the use of ice-cream to cure blood-poison.

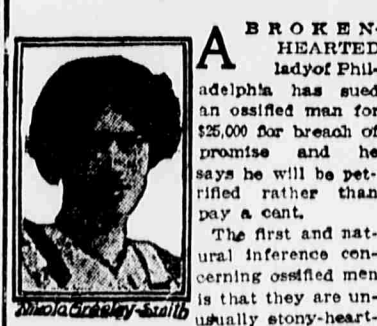
Sweet Charity.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Ossified Men.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



ABROKEN HEARTED lady of Philadelphia has sued an ossified man for \$25,000 for breach of promise and he says he will be petrified rather than pay a cent.
The first and natural inference concerning ossified men is that they are unusually stony-hearted. But, as a matter of fact, there are a great many creatures of ordinary flesh and blood with stonier hearts.
All men are more or less ossified in the cardiac region. The statement holds good of them all the time, and not merely in those moments of spirituous exaltation to which the petrifying adjective is slantly applied.
It is doubtful if the hearts of ossified men differ in any way from those of their ostensibly softer fellows.
The one unalterable fact is a constantly changing world is the selfishness of its male inhabitants. And it is selfishness that ossifies the hearts of men and breaks the hearts of women.
A needle in a haystack, a bright line in a musical comedy, a thought behind a five-inch pompadour—none of these is so rare as a man's unselfish heart. Of course this may apply to women as well as men.
Consider the attitude of the average man in love. There are among men as many fair weather lovers as fair weather friends. And there are women who go on loving men after they have proved themselves to belong to this species, with the impossible hope of making such a dicker with the weather prophet as to supply them always with

"Unwilling Schoolboy."



Teacher (to Johnny, who has come very late to school)—What do you mean, sir, by coming so late?
Johnny—I dunno; but it seemed as if for every step I took I went back two, and if I hadn't turned round I'd never got here at all.

Disillusioned.



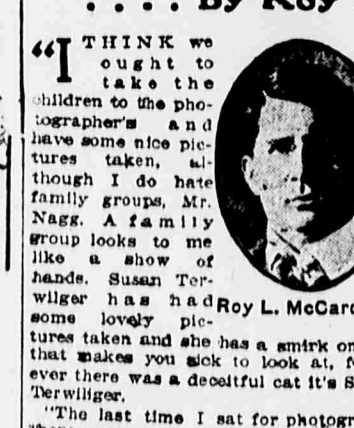
"What a two-faced villain dat Willy is. He made love to me yesterday, and now sittin' there eatin' cream with-out offerin' a bite to a lady."

A. Lang and the Dog.

ANDREW LANG, who was at some pains a while ago to explain why he did not like George Ade, is now at equal pains to explain why he does not like dogs. In an iconoclastic essay, which he contributes to the Illustrated Kennel News, he denies the dog practically every virtue with which man's friend is ordinarily credited.
He says: "There is not one of the seven deadly sins of which the dog is not habitually guilty, and I am unaware of a single redeeming feature in his repulsive character."
Mr. Lang denies that the dog is faithful, declaring that the fidelity is really all on the side of the man, adding: "It needs a great deal of fidelity in man to get as bad as the dog, holding as I do, the dog is really better."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr.

By Roy L. McCardell.



ITHINK we ought to take the children to the photographer's and have some nice pictures taken, although I do hate family groups. Mr. Nagg, a family group looks to me like a show of hands. Susan Terwilliger has had Roy L. McCardell, some lovely pictures taken and she has a smirk on her face that makes you sick to look at, for if ever there was a deceitful cat it's Susan Terwilliger.

"The last time I sat for photographs there was such an intelligent young man posing me. He told me I had a remarkable face, and that the contour of my chin betokened eloquence. He advised me to have some pictures taken in low neck and short sleeves and said my profile was classic."

"Of course Mrs. Stryver had to say something nasty. She said that the men who pose you at the photograph galleries always try to coax you to take a lot of pictures because they get a commission, besides their salaries, for all the extra pictures they can coax you to have taken."

"Some women are so vain, always running to the photographer's and having their pictures taken, but Mrs. Stryver knows she looks a sight, and all the money she spends on complexion creams doesn't make her look any better. If you could see her in the morning before her face is made up it would scare you, she looks so sallow."

"Thank goodness, my complexion is my own, and I never put on a thing except a little powder, because I do hate a shiny face, and then if I am going anywhere, just a little dab of color."

"I know what you are going to say, Mr. Nagg; you are going to say I use rosoline on my lips. Well, I don't dab it on like Mrs. Stryver does, and the kind I use isn't really rosoline, it is just a lip salve to keep the lips from chapping."

"Anyway, you do not care how I look. You would want me to look like a doll. I have used so much stuff on her face that she is all wrinkled. I haven't a wrinkle in my face, although goodness knows I have had trouble enough, and the way you have worried me. Mr. Nagg, is enough to make me gray. Not that I mind having a few gray hairs, for all our family were prematurely gray."

"Brother Willie has prematurely gray eyes, and he is only a boy of twenty-six. He has prematurely black eyes, too. I don't know what you are going to say, Mr. Nagg; you are going to say I might have known you could not let a mention of his name go by without saying some bad thing."

"If Brother Willie is too refined to strike any one, you should be glad. And it just goes to show what a mean disposition you have, because I could not even discuss getting some photographs taken but what you had to make the crudest remarks about all my friends. Look what you said about how they painted. Don't deny it! And yet a never criticize your friends. Mr. Nagg."

MARRY AND LIVE LONG.

Mortality among bachelors from the age of thirty to forty-five is said to be 27 per cent., while among married men of the same age it is 13 per cent. For forty-one bachelors who attain the age of forty years there are seventy-eight married men who attain the same age. The difference is still more striking in persons of advanced age. At sixty years of age there remain but twenty-two bachelors for forty-one married men; at seventy, eleven bachelors for twenty-seven married men; and at eighty, three bachelors for nine married men.

LONG-HEADED.
Mamma—Now, dear, you may invite one of your little playmates in to share your birthday cake.
Tommy—All right. I'll ask Jimmy Jones.
Mamma—I thought you liked Willie Brown better.
Tommy—Yes'm, but Jimmy doesn't like cake and he don't eat much.—Philadelphia Press.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

The Good and the Bad of It.

(Copyright, 1905, Planet Pub. Co.)

Much fault is found with Mr. Rockefeller for giving money to good works. Some fault is being found because he does not give MORE!

We believe that ALL money is GOOD that is not counterfeit. We do not think any man is smart enough to pass a BAD DOLLAR on Rockefeller. Bartenders SOMETIMES take bad money to please a customer, but Rockefeller NEVER does.

So there should be LESS FUSS about it. Besides, Rockefeller is a far-seeing man. He KNOWS that the heathen now complete their toilet by putting lumps of butter in their heads and letting them MELT! If they are converted the heathen will use vasoline, which is a Standard Oil by-product.

The critics FAIL to understand also that good men are respectable enough to do ANYTHING. It is only the bad who have to be careful HOW they behave.

The clergymen who are annoying Mr. Rockefeller by biting his dollars to see if they are honest will only HURT THEIR TONGUES.